

WAITING.

The sun has slipped his tether
And galloped down the west.
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
The little bird is sleeping
In the softness of its nest.
Night follows day, day follows dawn—
And so the time has come and gone;
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The cruel wind is rising
With a whistle and a wail,
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are onward straining
For the coming of a sail.
But void the sea, and void the beach
Far and beyond where gaze can reach!
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)

I heard the bell buoy ringing—
How long ago it seems!
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
And ever still, its keeling
Crashes in upon my dreams.
The tides were ebbing, my track was worn,
Since then two seasons' winds have
blown—
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The stretches of the ocean
Are bare and bleak to-day,
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are growing dimmer—
As if tears or age, or spray?
But I will stay till you come home,
Struggle ships come in across the foam!
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
—C. M. S. P.

THE BURGLAR AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

The colonial express was just drawing out of New Haven late in the afternoon, when a young man with a dark mustache and glasses, who had evidently just boarded the train, walked down the car aisle and peered suspiciously at the vacant seat by my side. The train was well filled, and after pausing for an instant as if to see whether I objected to sharing my seat with him the stranger planted himself at my side.

"Finally he leaned over to me, and, fastening my arm, said:
"I trust, sir, the arrangements will be satisfactory."
"I beg your pardon, sir," I replied.
"I am Miss Celeste's man. I was sent to meet you."
I never neglected an opportunity to take advantage of circumstances, and I merely replied:
"Indeed?"
"We are due at Providence at 7:22. The ceremony will take place at 8," he went on, ignoring my non-committal replies.
"You will please to give me your baggage checks," he continued. "I will have the servants attend to it when we arrive."
"I have nothing with me but this satchel," I replied.
"Ah, you have sent it on ahead. That is good. But," he said, "you are perhaps wondering how I recognized you?"
"I am not remarkably well known," I replied, "and my pictures—"
"Oh, you look just like them. Miss Celeste allowed me to look at one. I am gratified that you did not forget a suggestion I made to Miss Celeste that you wear a Fedora and a pink rose."
"That was your idea, was it?" I said.
The train commenced to slow up for Providence. My companion arose, and I followed him when he leaped upon the platform.
A carriage attended by two footmen was in waiting, and my companion guided me to it. I was in such a strange position that I would have preferred doing without the footmen at this particular time.
In a few moments the carriage drew up at the door of a large, well-lighted house with a broad veranda. From the porch laughter and conversation indicated that a large company was present. As we alighted another carriage, which had been just ahead of us, turned from the curb and a solitary gentleman walked up to the house.
"We are just in time. That is the minister," said my guide. "I will show you to your room. If you please, and you can join the company in the parlor as soon as you are ready. If you need me you can ring." The broad staircase was at hand, and I was saved the embarrassment of meeting any of the guests whom I might be expected to know. Celeste, also, I escaped.
My room was large, and upon the bed a number of packages were spread out. I opened one of them. It was a dozen silver spoons. A small card read: "To Mr. and Mrs. George Mopart: Congratulations." Evidently the package was intended for me. I opened several others. One was a handsome diamond pin. Just as I took it up I heard the knob of my door turn, and unconsciously I slipped it into my pocket.
My companion of the train entered.
"Miss Celeste desires me to say that she will meet you at the head of the stairs in ten minutes, and will descend with you for the ceremony."
"O, thank you, William. Is your name William?" I asked.
"James, sir."
"All right, James; that will do."
I relished my cravat and then took another look at the presents. I remembered afterward that I failed to return their pin. Several other remarkably costly presents of small size were also missing afterward, though I remember perfectly seeing them on the bed when I was in the room.
I had just about six minutes in which to keep my appointment with Celeste. Had it not been for the ceremony which was scheduled to take place immediately afterward I believe I should have allowed my love of adventure to lead me to the head of the stairs. Celeste! Nice name! I wondered what she was like, as I softly opened the door and looked out into the hallway. She was not there yet. Neither were the servants. I left the room, closing the door tightly behind me.

The hall was deserted. At the head of the stairs I could hear laughter and conversation. I had my hat in my hand, but in order not to excite comment I had left my small satchel behind. I strolled out on to the veranda. Just at that moment down the street I heard the rumble of a cab. In another moment a four-wheeler, driven furiously, hauled up and a young man leaped out. He dashed up the path, taking the steps three at a time. I drew back into the shadow. He passed so quickly that I could not see his face.
I sauntered down the path. The driver was just turning his cab around.
"Hi, caddy!" I shouted to the jeer.
"A dollar if I get to New Haven depot in five minutes!"
I bought a copy of the Providence Journal next day at Boston to see how the ceremony had been performed.
For a provincial paper the Journal really did well on that story.
I enjoyed reading the humorous account of how the bridegroom missed his train, and how the butler had mistaken another gentleman on the train for Mr. Mopart.
I dislited, however, to have the Journal make such open insinuations against the honesty of the person thus introduced in Mr. Mopart's stead.
It stated that in all probability the butler had stumbled upon a clever rascal and crook in his search for the bridegroom, for a number of costly wedding presents which had been left in the room with the supposed Mr. Mopart had mysteriously disappeared, as he himself had done but a few minutes before the real Mr. Mopart had arrived.
He had left behind him a small hand satchel in which were found a number of jammies, skeleton keys, and other articles used only by a certain class of gentlemen. It was the discovery of these articles that first aroused suspicion.
As for the wedding, that had taken place in spite of the excitement.—Exchange.

OVER STORIES

There are more than six thousand known languages and dialects.
There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.
The gun of largest calibre in the world is the British 17.72 inch one hundred ton gun.
A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over fifteen hundred years old, has been found in Palestine.
London has a population of 4,250,000, equaling the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome.
The highest point of land in New York (Manhattan) is at Eleventh avenue and 136th street, 225 feet. In Brooklyn the highest point is Lookout Hill, in Prospect Park, 189 feet.
False teeth for horses, which were suggested by the president of a French humane society a few years ago, have actually been invented, and are gaining favor with owners of large stables.
In Ecuador they sweeten coffee with crushed beetles; in Japan they give you gooseberry pie with roast duck; in Ceylon the richest people beg, and in London a man who refuses to tip a waiter runs a fair chance of getting arrested.
To "dance attendance" is an expression borrowed from the medieval custom, which compelled the bride at a wedding to dance with whomsoever asked her. No matter how low the condition or how objectionable the person, the bride could not refuse.
Growth of the Language.
"It seems to me, Henry," remarked the wife of a professor of English literature, after the guests who had attended one of their "evenings" had gone, "that you treated Mr. Scollaps with marked discourtesy."
"Oh, I did, did I?"
"Yes. You turned your back on him while he was talking to you, and walked deliberately out of the room, muttering to yourself."
"I listened to him patiently enough," said the professor, "while he was telling me where he had 'Sundayed' the week before last. I stood it, even when he observed that it always 'enthused' him to talk over old times, but when he asked me to come around some evening and 'reminisce' awhile—and the professor walked to the window and cleared his throat vigorously—it was all I could do, Hester, to keep from throwing him out of the house!"

Simplicity of a Novelist's Life.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, lives in extreme simplicity. He is seldom seen away from home, and begins work at his desk in the early morning, sometimes remaining there the whole day. A small room adjoining his library contains the books of reference he consults, a narrow bed like a soldier's, and a few window plants. The room is so destitute of what is generally looked upon as necessary comforts that it might be the dormitory of a monk. Dr. Jokai, now in his seventy-fourth year, is constantly attended by a devoted man-servant, who has grown aged in his beloved master's service.

The Shape of the Earth.

Owing to the action of certain well-known laws, the earth is not a perfect sphere. Careful measurements show that it is slightly bulging at the equator. It is a simple matter to show proof that the earth is round. When a ship is approaching the shore, the first parts to be seen are the top sails; as she nears the land the lower sails and rigging come into view, and lastly the hull appears. If the earth's surface were flat the hull, being the largest part, would be seen first.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

STATUE OF KING ARTHUR.

Magnificent Effigy in Bronze Erected to His Memory.
There are few that have not heard of King Arthur's Round Table, which, history informs us, was preserved at Winchester, and shown by Henry VIII. to Francis I. of France. There are few also that have not read the immortal poems of Tennyson, showing Arthur to have been one of the noblest of heroes and conquerors. But there are comparatively fewer still who have had the pleasure of seeing the magnificent effigy in bronze erected to his memory in the hofkirche, at Innsbruck.

The church was built in compliance with the will of the Emperor Maximilian I., A. D. 1558-69. His own imposing and splendid monument stands in the center of the nave, and on each side, like a guard of honor, a row of colossal figures in bronze, both male and female. Some are in armor of various types, and the women in quaint but gorgeous attire, according to the time in which they lived. There are no fewer



STATUE OF KING ARTHUR.

or than twenty-eight of these noble or royal personages, representing the Emperor's ancestors, contemporaries or others. That of King Arthur and two others are attributed to the famous Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg, and in Arthur we see the most noble and majestic figure of the series. The faces and forms of these august personages are said to be exact representations, and one could not fail to be impressed with this idea from the strongly marked and peculiar cast of features, the expression and the attitude, which give a striking individuality to so many among them.

King Arthur is given a place of special distinction, standing at the head of the fourteen statues to the left, as the spectator faces the altar. This wonderful group—including the Emperor himself, in bronze, kneeling on a large marble sarcophagus in the center—was not completed till the year 1593, under the Archduke Ferdinand, although it was commenced in 1509. Round the sarcophagus there are twenty-four reliefs in marble, in which the chief events of the Emperor's life are recorded. With reference to these, Thorwaldsen stated that they were the most perfect works of his kind.

DEBUT OF MISS SIGSBEE.

Daughter of Maine's Captain Introduced to Washington Society.
One of Washington's recent debutantes who has much more than local interest is Miss Ethel Sigbee, the second daughter of the famous captain of the Maine.



MISS ETHEL SIGSBEE.

Miss Ethel is her father's own child, very like him in both looks and manner and his constant companion when his duties will permit him to be on shore or take her with him when he is aboard ship. She is not simply a society girl. For several years past she has been quite a serious art student, and some of the productions of her pencil and brush show unusual talent and careful cultivation of that talent. She is a member of the Washington Society of Artists, and will by no means give up her art, although she has now made her formal entrance into society.

Flagged with Matches.

The Jamestown (N. Y.) Standard prints a remarkable story of the manner in which a railroad employee saved a passenger train and the lives of those on board. The story is given as follows:

Martin Troy, of Hartford, Conn., an old railroad man, was down at East Bristol bridge watching the men at work. When the afternoon train from Bristol came along the bridge was noticeably weak, and the weight of the train jarred it so seriously that all the wooden piling under it was carried away.

When Troy saw that the piling had been carried away, and that the bridge

had settled, he hurried up to flag the train from Hartford, which would arrive at this point at about 5 o'clock.

It had grown quite dark by this time, and Troy had no lantern; but as the train came along he took matches from his pocket and lighted them for a danger signal. He was just in time; the train stopped as the engine was about to go on the bridge.

When the workmen came to repair the bridge, they tried to induce Troy to go to work with them, but he refused, declaring that the bridge was likely to fall at any minute. His warning came too late. Before the men could leave the bridge the collapse came.

RICHES OF THE NORTH.

Newly Found Ore Fields in Sweden Prove Valuable.

There may be a future for Canada's northland that we little dream of now. The close of the century discloses for the first time in the world's history a practical purpose to develop the resources of the arctic circle. The discovery of gold in the Klondike has sent a flood of immigrants into a territory which was supposed to be almost uninhabitable.

And now scientists of Great Britain are making a careful investigation of enormous deposits of iron and ore some distance from Stockholm, Sweden, within the area included in the arctic circle. These new ore fields are apparently limitless in extent and of the greatest possible value to the iron industry of Great Britain, which is rapidly finding itself unable to compete with the cheap products of American ore. These Swedish deposits are said to be among the most valuable ever discovered on either continent.

Following the discovery of gold in Alaska, this may be taken as an indication that the mineral wealth of the arctic regions may ultimately lead to the establishment of a large population in those parts of the world nearest the north pole, which have hitherto been little explored because of their inhospitable climate.

An ingenious philosopher has outlined the theory that the precious metals of the world will be found in greatest abundance in the arctic regions, because when the world was a molten mass revolving on its axis the tendency of all metals was naturally toward the axis, or the poles, and that when the plastic mass solidified the gold and silver were concentrated near the poles. Should this theory be confirmed, the finest deposits of precious metals will be found the further we get to the north and south, and arctic explorers will have something else to seek in future besides glory. Nature evidently intended to lock up its treasures in an inaccessible storehouse. But in these days man aspires to be the master of nature herself.—Montreal Herald.

NAPOLEON AT SCHOOL.

Bribed to Learn French by the Present of a Small Cannon.

It is related that when the youthful Napoleon was sent to college he had to be bribed to learn French by the present of a small cannon.

The first few months at school are certainly not the least unhappy of a great life. Papa Charles leaves his sons at Autun—the preparatory school for Brienne—two little waifs in a hostile world. All the other boys are French—enemies and conquerors—and these two, Corsicans and vanquished.

"What's your name?" says a little Frenchman to one of them, and according to that time-honored formula of schoolboys.

"Nabulione de Bonaparte," he replies, in his Ajaerian.

And there is a roar of laughter. They laugh at everything from the first—at his accent, his country, his Paoli, his poverty. One does not like to think of the passion of rage, scorn and hatred that surges into the childish heart. Little Joseph is a great deal more equable, and soon takes the teasing pretty well for what it is worth. But Napoleon can't. He remembers now with a torment of regrets the place where he was happy—Mammucia, easy-going Papa, Mamma Letizia. He walks about the playground alone—angry, surly, wretched. He begins to learn French "with frenzy." To laugh at him—no one shall laugh at him. "You Corsicans are des laches!" cries some little demon of a schoolfellow. The boy is white with passion, with his eyes blazing. "It is you French who are des laches, with your twenty to one," says he. And he fistuffs the little Gaul in a fury.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Times Change.

Men and manners change even in conservative England. The young men who through the streets and quadrangles of Oxford are very unlike their fathers and grandfathers in appearance, in manners and in sentiment. "Men" are expected to wear gowns in chapel, in hall, and at lectures, but mostly walk about their own colleges bareheaded; some of them do not even possess a cap, but rely on borrowing one from a friend to call upon a professor or attend an out-college lecture. Still, it is a rule that caps and gowns must be worn in the streets after dark on pain of a fine; but the rule which prescribes the same uniform during lecture hours has long been in abeyance. Young fellows in complete disabillie, and with their knees bare, may now be seen flocking toward the river even in the forenoon, and in the afternoon Oxford is alive with oarsmen, football players, hockey players, cricketers or athletes of the running ground, mingled freely with ladies, in an undress which assuredly would have shocked the sense of propriety in former generations.

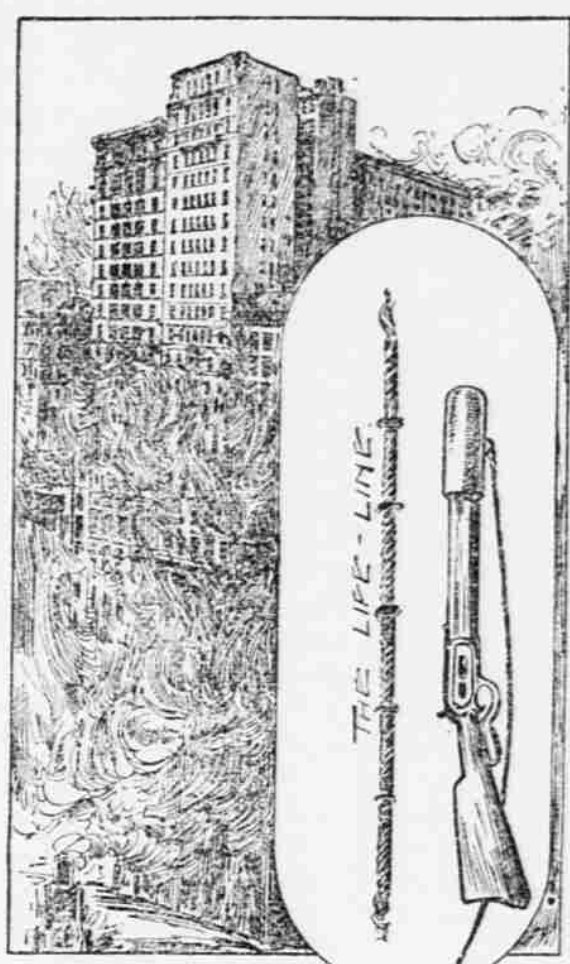
A close student of human nature never lends money to his friends.

It's a wise pedagogue that pours whale-oil on the troubled waters.

LIFE-SAVING GUN.

It Will Shoot a Life Line to a High Roof.

The equipment of the New York fire department, as described by the World, includes a gun and projectile, to which is attached 500 feet of steel cable one-quarter of an inch in diameter and having stops every twelve inches. The projectile is of steel, and is discharged by gunpowder from one of the neighboring roofs as near the scene of the fire as possible. The projectile is aimed at a window where the people in danger are standing or else to go over the roof and drop down within their reach.



LIFE-SAVING GUN.

The projectile carries a thin line up first, and when the people have secured this they pull the cable up. When connection has thus been established with the people cut off by means of the cable they have a road to the ground which is perfectly practicable, at least to men. The projectile and gun were used with very good results at the fire in the Western Union building. The fire there was on the seventh floor, and the janitor's family, two stories above, were cut off by the fire. The firemen carried the women down a lifeline which had been established by means of the projectile and gun.

SOUND PICTURES.

How One May Make a "Photograph" of His Own Voice.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Take a little pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end of the instrument. Do not blow, but sing the note.

Now lower the horn carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them.

Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers, some like snakes, and others like flying birds; in fact, there is no limit to the variety.



HOW IT IS DONE.

The pictures of the notes of musical instruments are made by holding the horn as near as possible to them.

On So It Grown.

The managers of the Paris exposition have taken a course in one respect which should be followed by managers of all future exhibitions, this from Beacon. They have refused utterly to have a woman's building, in which all work is supposed to have some special value because it is woman's. They have taken the work as work, and placed it in the exhibition hall where it belongs. It goes in on the same terms as man's work. If it is poorer it is made no better because it was done by a woman; if it is better, the fact of the doer's sex makes no difference. This is exactly the ground which is desired by any wise woman who values the advancement of her sex. The world wants good work, and it does not care whether man or woman is the worker who produces it. When women use a capital W for work, and write woman as they do man with a small letter, their real usefulness among the world's workers will begin.

Pigs in China.

It is said that in some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

Joke on the Professor.

The bookman has heard of a Scotch professor who has been advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." The Scotch professor exclaimed: "Mr. McAlister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement." The canny Scot replied, "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

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He Knew.

Missionary Uncle—Has mamma ever told you where you will go if you are a good boy?
Willie—Sure! she's goin' to take me to see Dewey—when he comes home.—Judge.

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